THE
Theatrical Observer;
AND
Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—*Othello.*

No. 5712. *Saturday, April* 11, 1840. *Price* 1*d.*

"The Play's the thing."—Ask for *Thomas's Observer.*

HAY-MARKET THEATRE.

COLMAN'S Comedy of *John Bull, How to Pay the Rent,* and *Hobbs, Dobbs, and Stubbs,* were played to a very good house yesterday evening.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

LAST night Mr. Charles Kemble acted the character of *Hamlet,* his performance was striking and animated, and in many parts drew forth deserved plaudits. His surprise when he first sees the Ghost, his eagerness and filial confidence in following it, the impressive pathos of his action and voice in addressing it, "I'll call thee Hamlet, *Father,* Royal Dane," were admirable. Both the closet scene with his mother, and his remonstrances to *Ophelia,* were highly impressive. The scene of the Play before the King and Queen was given with great force and animation.

That which distinguishes the dramatic productions of Shakspeare from all others is the wonderful variety and perfect individuality of his characters. Each of these is as much itself and as absolutely independant as the rest, as if they were living persons, and not fictions of the mind. The poet appears for the time being to be identified with the character he wishes to represent and to pass from one to the other, like the same soul successively animating different bodies. By an art like that of the ventriloquist, he throws his imagination out of himself, and makes every word appear to proceed from the very mouth of the person whose name it bears. His Plays alone are properly expressions of the passions, not descriptions of them. His characters are real beings of flesh and blood, they speak like men, not like authors. One might have supposed that he had stood by at the time, and had overheard what had passed. Each object and circumstance seems to exist in his mind as it existed in nature; each several train of thought and feeling goes on of itself without effort or confusion; in the world of his imagination every thing has a life, a place and being of its own. These remarks are, we think, as applicable to *Hamlet,* as to any of Shakspeare's Tragedies. It is, if not the finest, perhaps the most inimitable of his productions.

Nothing can possibly exceed the splendor and lavish expense the management has evinced in the appointments of this piece. The scenery is most beautiful, especially the view on the battlements. In this scene, the Ghost, standing in the moonlight, has a very picturesque effect. The Tragedy was altogether finely acted. Mrs. W. Lacy played *Ophelia,* with exquisite sensibility and was much applauded. Farren was *Polonius,* and Cooper, the Ghost of *Hamlet's* father, both acted with consummate

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skill. The *Claudius* of Mr. Diddear was marked with discrimination, as was the *Horatio* of Mr. Selby. Bartley played the First Gravedigger, and made the people laugh. The other characters did their best. Mr. Kemble was compelled to appear before the curtain at the close of the Tragedy, and every person present vied with his neighbour in cheering. Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present, but kept themselves strictly private. *The Ringdoves* concluded.

The Oratorio of *The Creation* was performed last night, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, at Exeter Hall, and was very fashionably attended.

Fashionable Lounges.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Just wish to say a word—beg pardon, but will you excuse me—I have to mention that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends and the fashionable world at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town :—

Monday, stroll'd to Madame TUSSAUD's elegant Exhibition, Golden Corinthian Saloon, Baker-st., Portman Sq.—Just added to their unrivalled collection, the splendid full length figures of Her Majesty the Queen, in her Windsor uniform, and Prince Albert in his military costume, also the group of John Knox, reproving Mary Queen of Scots, consisting of Mary, Elizabeth, Henry VIII, Luther, Calvin, and Knox, in magnificent costumes.

Tuesday, I am to be found at the ROYAL DIORAMA, Regent's Park, admiring the two splendid Paintings by Le Chevalier Bouton, representing *The Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in Westminster Abbey*, and the *Interior of the Church of Santa Croce*, at Florence, with all the effect of light and shade, from noon till midnight. This Exhibition is always crowded with fashionables.

Wednesday, pop into the COSMORAMA, 209, Regent Street, to view the new and splendid views now exhibiting—quite delighted. Much amused with the astonishing feats of *The Industrious Fleas*, which are also daily to be seen here.

In my way from the Theatre, drop into the *Harmonic Meeting*, held at EVANS's Grand Hotel, King Street, Covent Garden,—quite delighted with the excellence of the singing, commences every evening at ten o'clock. When Mrs. P. is out of town, stay a week, and only pay a guinea for bed and breakfast. I'm always to be found on Saturday, at half-past five, at the Convivial Dinner held here.

Thursday, pay a visit to the Somerset Gallery, 151, Strand, next door to Somerset House, to see the Royal Glass Working Exhibition, paid but sixpence for admittance, and a specimen given to the value. Highly amused by seeing the art of glass blowing, spining, working and modelling, horses, dogs, stags, birds, &c,

"All good *spirits* come to my *Beck*," at his Dr. Johnson's Tavern, Bolt Court, Fleet Street—where you meet excellent company—capital fare at *fair* prices—delightful singing—(commences every evening at a quarter to nine,) cigars, billiards, good beds, and an enticing bill of fare.

Friday, drop into *The Florentine Anatomical Museum*, 27, Margaret Street, Regent Street, to admire the splendid Anatomical Figures of Venus & Adonis, modelled from nature, and as large as life,

On the same day, paid a delightful visit to *The Typorama*, Quadrant, Regent Street, a large and accurate modelled view of *The Underclif of the Isle of White*, constructed by L. L. B. Ibbotson, sq. For the lovers of Geology, a number of the fossils have been collected, and specimens of the remarkable plants, sea weeds, insects, &c. found in the neighbourhood.

Afterwards called at Emmett's, 27, Holborn Hill, to view his Novel Pen Maker by which any one can make a superior Pen in less than one minute—also his much improved Needle Threader, to enable Ladies, whose sight is impairad to thread their needles with the greatest ease—a most ingenious contrivance.

"Why are my eyes like Balfe's Opera of *The Maid of Artois?*" "Because they've got the *Light of Other Days* in them!" through trying the efficacy of GRIMSTONE's Herbacious Eye Snuff—a 2s. 4d. & 1s. 3d. Canister restored my visual organs—quite a miracle—left off my spectacles.—Bought at 39, Broad-st. Bloomsbury—have a care to the inventor's signature—and that it is patronized by the Royal Family and authorized by her Majesty's Treasury on each canister.

On Saturday, I examine *Miss Linwood's* curious Needle Work, Leicester Square—just added other beautiful specimens of her art.—But I intrude—beg pardon—Your's &c.—PAUL PRY.

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

LAST NIGHT
Previous to the Easter Holidays.

This Evening, Colley Cibber's Comedy of The

Double Gallant!

Or, the Sick Lady's Cure.

Sir Soloman Sadlife,.....Mr W. FARREN,
Atall, Mr C. MATHEWS,
Careless.....MrG. VANDENHOFF,
Clerimont, Mr J. VINING,
Mr Wilful, ... Mr F. MATTHEWS,
Sir Harry Atall....Mr GRANBY,
Captain Strutt, MrSELBY, Saunter, MrWIGAN,
Sir Squable Splithair,....Mr AYLIFFE,
Finder, MrW.H. PAYNE, Dr.Bolus, MrMorelli,
Rhubarb, Mr Ridgway, Supple, Mr Honner,
Lady Dainty, ...Mrs W. LACY,
Lady Sadlife,.....Mrs NISBETT,
Clarinda,..... Madame VESTRIS,
Slyvia, Mrs BROUGHAM, Wishwell, Mrs ORGER,
Situp, Mrs HUMBY, Sylvia's Maid MissJackson,

The Comedy will conclude with

A Dance by the Characters.

After which, (14th Time) a New Ballet Divertissement, called

Les Champs Elysees.

THE CHARACTERS BY

Master W. SMITH, (Pupil of Mr Oscar Byrne,)
Miss FAIRBROTHER, Miss RYALS,
Mrs GIBSON, Miss KENDAL, MissE.KENDAL
Mr C. J SMITH, Mr RIDGWAY, Mr GIBSON

To be followed by the Farce of

Twice Killed.

Mr Euclid Facile, Mr KEELEY,
Mr Reckless ..... Mr J. VINING,
Mr Holdfast, Mr GRANBY,
Mr Fable, Mr Ridgway, Tom, Mr W. H. Payne,
Robert, Mr Ireland, Porter, Mr Connell,
Mrs Facile, Miss LEE, Julia, Miss E. PHILLIPS,
Fanny Pepper, Mrs ORGER.

Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

Last Night previous to the Easter Holidays.

This Evening, (*5th Time at this Theatre*) the celebrated Play of

RICHELIEU;

Or, The Conspiracy.

WRITTEN BY SIR E. LYTTON BULWER, BART.

Louis XIII .. (King of France) .. Mr WEBSTER,
Gaston, (Duke of Orleans) Mr GOUGH,
Cardinal Richelieu, (Prime Minister) Mr MACREADY
Count de Baradas, (Favorite of the King) Mr WARDE,
The Chevalier de Mauprat, Mr J. WEBSTER,
Count de Clermont, Mr WORRELL,
The Sieur de Beringhen, (a Conspirator) Mr W. LACY,
Father Joseph, Mr PHELPS, Huguet, Mr O. SMITH.
François, (First Page to Richelieu) Mr HOWE,
Page to Baradas, Miss GROVE,
Governor of the Bastile ..... Mr GALLOT,
Goaler, Mr T. F. MATHEWS, Turnkey, Mr SANTER
Julie de Mortemar (Ward of Richelieu) Mrs YARNOLD
Marion de Lorme (Mistress to Orleans) Miss CHARLES

After which, (8th Time) a New Farce, called

How to Pay the Rent.

Mr Miller, Mr. STRICKLAND,
Morgan Rattler ..... Mr POWER,
Star-the-Glaze, Mr GREEN, Blowhard, Mr GOUGH,
Shooter.....Mr CLARK, Swell Billy....Mr CAULFIELD,
Snuffy, Mr SANTER, Porter, Mr BISHOP,
Mrs Conscience, Mrs W. CLIFFORD,
Kitty....Mrs F. MATTHEWS, Betty....Miss GROVE.

In the course of the Evening, the **BAND** will perform

Overtures to 'Zauberflote,' (Mozart,) and 'La Reine d'un Jour,' (A. Adam.)

To conclude with, (9th Time,) the New Piece, in One Act, called

Hobbs, Dobbs, & Stubbs!

Mr Hobbs, Mr Dobbs, Mr Stubbs, } *the Three Grocers,* { Mr WEBSTER, Mr STRICKLAND, Mr O. SMITH,
Valentine, Mr J. WEBSTER, Jeremiah, Mr OXBERRY,
Mrs Hobbs, Mrs W. CLIFFORD, Mrs Dobbs, Mrs F. MATTHEWS,
Mrs Stubbs..Miss CHARLES, Rose..Miss TRAVERS.

On Easter Monday, Hamlet, How to Pay the Rent, and Hobbs, Dobbs, & Stubbs.

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